

## **Warning 371**

### [Chapter 371 Memory Loss](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As the sweet-bitter memories between me and Charles flashed through my mind, I could not help but burst into tears, which blurred my sight.

I didn't know how long I've been drowning in my sorrow. In a trance, I heard Charles' voice, and he seemed to be calling my name.

"Scarlett?"

Was I imagining it?

I curled up on the couch listlessly.

"Scarlett?"

Sensing his voice sounding so close to my ear, I raised my head and saw the eyes of the man I would never forget.

Charles was standing by the door as he took off his coat, put on his slippers, and walked up to me slowly.

I could almost hear my heart pounding, but it made me happy. My heart that was dying until a moment ago felt alive all of a sudden.

Charles walked straight to me and sat down on the sofa from across me.

I stared at him blankly, unable to figure out whether he was really in front of me or if I was just dreaming.

I prayed to God that if I was dreaming, I hope to never wake up from it.

"Scarlett? Why are you looking at me like that?" Charles asked, looking away.

'It's him! It is really him!'

Staggering to my feet, I stumbled over to him, and held his face with my trembling hands.

"Charles, is it really you?"

With a frown, he pulled my hands away and asked, "What do you want?"

The moment I felt Charles' warm touch on my skin, I could not control the emotions surging in my heart. I threw myself into his arms, bursting into tears as I held him tightly.

"Charles, I knew that you were still alive. This is great!"

"Scarlett, calm down."

Charles grabbed my hands and pushed me away with a cold look in his eyes.

I felt a strange sensation in my heart when I saw how indifferent he was towards me now.

"Now sit down calmly so that I can talk to you about the following things."

"The following things?"

I looked at him in a daze and was forced back to my original position.

Staring at my hair, he frowned and asked, "When did you return from France? And why did you cut your hair so short?"

What was he talking about? Why couldn't I understand anything he said?

Feeling a little flustered, I jumped up from the sofa. "Charles, do you know where did you come back from?"

"I had a small accident and I just came back from the hospital. Do you already know about your mother's situation?"

'My mother?' I was more confused.

"Don't worry. I will make sure that she gets treatment from the best doctor in the world. She will certainly recover soon," he comforted me.

All of a sudden, I felt dizzy and couldn't see straight. "My mother has been dead for many years now..."

Charles looked at me in disbelief while I hurriedly called Richard.

"Richard, inform the elders that Charles has come back alive. And get the car ready. We need to take him to the hospital."

Even after I hung up, I could still feel my heart pounding. Charles clearly seemed to have lost a big part of his memory.

I was not sure how much of his memories he had lost, though. Considering the fact that he mentioned

about my mother's illness, I realized that it was something that had happened six years ago.

Did he lose memory of the past six years?

"Scarlett, what happened?" Charles asked, staring at me suspiciously.

I grabbed his hand and said firmly, "I can't explain to you now. I need you to go to the hospital with me first."

In the car, Charles and I sat in the backseat, while Richard drove.

"Richard? Didn't I ask you to take care of Rita? Why are you taking orders from Scarlett all of a sudden?" Charles snapped with a frown.

Richard looked back at me in fear.

I thought that it was ridiculous. Even though Charles had lost his memories, he still remembered Rita.

Charles sneered with a sarcastic look. "Scarlett, I didn't expect you to poach Richard from Rita. I seem to have really underestimated you."

His words shattered my heart in pieces.

"Richard, call Rita right now and inform her that I'm fine," he ordered peremptorily.

"Rita is missing," I said in a calm voice.

Charles turned around and glared at me sharply. "What did you say?"

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself down. "Charles, I know that you don't believe me now, but you may have lost your memories, so let's talk about it after we get you checked at the hospital first."

Hearing my words, Charles fell silent.

Soon, we arrived at the hospital, and I took Charles straight to an authoritative doctor's office.

After the CT scan and X-rays were taken, the doctor looked at me seriously. He pointed at the scan and said, "According to the report, I am assuming that Mr. Moore's brain has been injured, and because of that, some of the functional areas are oppressed, causing him to experience temporary memory loss."

"If he has lost his memories, then how does he still remember everything that happened six years ago?" I was in a daze.

The doctor adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and said, "It's called selective amnesia."

"Selective amnesia?"

I repeated his words, and found that Charles had changed his clothes.

"Yes. After being through emotional breakdowns or getting hurt in the head, the patient may forget something that they don't want to remember or something that they're trying to escape from. Generally, if a person was strongly stimulated and if that stimulation was unacceptable to them, then they would subconsciously choose to forget it."

Charles sat down across the doctor and asked, "Doctor, what's wrong with me?"

The doctor swayed brain scan result in his hand and answered in a serious tone, "Your problem is a little tricky. You should be hospitalized for a while for observation."

Charles took the result from his hand.

"I feel good now, and I don't think I need to be hospitalized."

I gave up the idea of persuading him, turned to the doctor, and asked, "Can he go home in his current state?"

"Yes, but you have to be careful. The moment he starts to feel uncomfortable, you have to bring him back to the hospital." The doctor nodded.

"Thank you." I stood up and looked at Richard, who was waiting aside. "Get the car ready first."

I then turned to Charles and smiled.

"Let's go."

Although Charles had forgotten a lot of things, I was glad to see that he was still alive.

### [Chapter 372 My Children With Scarle](#)

Charles's POV:

As soon as Scarlett and I walked out of the elevator, several people ran toward us.

With tears welling up in her eyes, Chloe rushed over and hugged me tightly. "Oh my God! Charles, is that really you?! I can't believe it! I'm glad that you're alive."

"Chloe, when did you come back?" I asked with a frown.

Shouldn't she be studying abroad now?

"Mom told me that something happened to you, so I came here as soon as I could. We were worried sick about you. Thank God you're fine," Chloe cried out. I could sense from her voice how anxious she had been while I was away.

I patted my sister on the shoulder to calm her down.

"I just had a small accident. I'm not dead, okay? Don't be sad anymore."

Mom wiped her tears and grumbled, "Stop saying that D-word."

"Don't worry, Mom. I'm fine now." I noticed that my mother had been stressed out, so I quickly pulled her into a tight embrace.

Suddenly, Chloe stopped crying and snapped at Scarlett, "Why are you still here? Stay away from my brother from now on!"

"Chloe, don't be so rude. Can't you talk nicely?" I reprimanded her.

"Charles, believe me, this woman is a jinx! You should divorce her right now!"

I did not understand why my sister hated Scarlett so much. But I just shrugged her outburst off as I thought that what mattered right now was that we were all together.

I smiled at Chloe and playfully ruffled her hair. "Don't worry. We've already planned the divorce. If it makes you feel better, you can attend my wedding and be Rita's bridesmaid."

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as Charles finished speaking, everyone looked at us with utter shock.

I took a deep breath and tried my hardest to remain calm. "Charles hit his head, which made him lose some of his memory," I explained.

"Charles, does your head still hurt? Let me have a look." Alice rushed forward and checked the wound on his head.

His grandparents also gathered around him to check on him.

"I'm fine. I'm sorry for making you worry," Charles said to everyone guiltily.

As I stood aside and looked at them, I felt like I was an outsider.

Charles once swore to me that he had never loved Rita and that he was only showing his gratitude to

her.

But now, he could not seem to remember what we had gone through. The last thing he remembered was that he was going to marry Rita.

My heart wept. I could hardly breathe, and the tears, which I was trying so hard to control, streamed down my face.

I immediately turned around and wiped my tears before anyone could see.

Lawrence looked at me and asked, "Scarlett, did the doctor say that Charles can go home?"

I relayed what the doctor had said. "Yes. Also, the doctor has advised that if Charles is not feeling well, you should send him to the hospital right away."

"We've been so worried about you. But since you're back, let's go home now." Chloe clung to Charles's arm and pulled him away. But before she walked away, she cast a disdainful look at me.

Charles did not stop her and instead agreed with her. "Sounds good to me. I need to take a shower. I reek."

"Aren't you a neat freak?" Chloe teased.

"You know me. So don't touch me, or I will have to throw you away." Charles glanced at her hand with feigned disgust.

Chloe shrugged and let go of him.

Meanwhile, I just stood aside and watched the warm scene in front of me. I was glad that Charles was finally reunited with his family. But then, they started walking away, and I suddenly felt like I had been abandoned.

I did not know if I should follow them, so I just stayed there.

All of a sudden, Alice stopped in her tracks and turned around to look at me.

"Scarlett, come with us. The kids miss you so much."

"Yes," Christine echoed.

"No, she can't! She's a jinx! She shouldn't be even allowed to enter our house," Chloe bellowed. She did not even bother to conceal her hatred towards me.

I felt a bitter taste on my tongue, but I remained silent.

"Scarlett, you're gonna receive divorce papers very soon. You're not qualified to have custody of the kids. They're members of our Moore family. You don't deserve to raise them!" Chloe added while glaring at me.

I looked at Charles's grandparents and parents in hopes that they would at least try to make her tone down her words. But they did not. Their silence meant that they acquiesced to her words.

It was at this moment that I realized how naive and ridiculous I had been.

"I see. What can I expect from a powerful family like yours?" I scoffed. I could feel their eyes on me, but I just walked past them.

If Charles wanted to divorce me, I would fight for the children's custody no matter what it took.

My children meant everything to me. I would never let anyone take them from me.

Charles's POV:

As I stared at Scarlett's receding figure, an inexplicable feeling washed over me.

But before I could figure out what it was, the feeling had already disappeared.

"Hey, you gotta stop arranging bodyguards for that woman. She doesn't deserve your kindness and concern!"

I looked at Chloe with apparent discontent. She had not changed. She was still spoiled and rude.

Something then crossed my mind. What custody were they talking about?

Scarlett had given birth to my children?

How could that be?

All I could remember was that I was going to marry Rita soon. How could I have children with Scarlett?

Also, why was she so cold and distant earlier? It did not suit her.

The last time I had seen Scarlett, she was still an innocent little girl.

I felt like I was missing something very important. But no matter how hard I racked my brain to try and remember what I was missing, my mind was shrouded in mists.

I saw my three children in the evening.

As I gazed at their faces that were somewhat similar to mine, I was both amazed and in awe.

Were they really my and Scarlett's children?"

While I was in deep thought, my father stood beside me and sighed. "They have an uncanny resemblance with Scarlett, don't they?"

I just pursed my lips and said nothing.

The children looked so adorable. They looked as though my features and Scarlett's were integrated into one.

These children were the proof that I had a close relationship with Scarlett. At the thought of this, I felt a little flustered.

"In the past six years, Scarlett suffered a lot because of you. When she heard that the plane you had taken crashed, she fainted in distress."

Scarlett's haggard face suddenly flashed through my mind. I was too shocked to say a word.

"Go to Garden Street and find her. You two need to talk."

Without waiting for my response, my father stood up and left.

### [Chapter 373 Pregnancy And Miscarriage](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After I returned to Garden Street, I tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep. My mind was filled with an overwhelming amount of thoughts, making me feel like my brain was about to explode like a balloon at any moment.

Getting out of the bed, I went to pour myself a glass of whiskey and gulped it down. As the liquid went down my throat, I felt a tingling sensation.

Soon, I began to feel a little dizzy. The drunkenness made me eager to talk to others. So I subconsciously took out my phone and called my friends. First, I called David, then Spencer, and then Vivian.

"Vivian, you know what? Charles is back. He is back! And it feels like a dream," I murmured.

"Scarlett, isn't that good news? Why do you sound so unhappy?"

My heart was filled with a painful bitterness as I stroked the empty glass in my hand. "I am not unhappy. I am just a little excited."



When I had seen Charles standing before me, unharmed, I felt an emotion that could not be described at all. I had felt as though my soul was redeemed at that moment.

However, God pranked me again, and Charles had forgotten me and our past together.

He had chosen to forget all the love and hatred between us, but he still remembered Rita. He even remembered his promise to marry her.

What an irony! I had really wanted to leave him, and I had kept telling myself that I truly loathed him.

But the moment I found out that he had completely forgotten about our time together, my heart ached.

I tried my best to hold back my tears and said goodbye to Vivian in a calm tone, "It's getting late, so I'd better leave you in peace. Let's talk tomorrow."

I then called Nina.

"Scarlett, are you okay? I heard that Charles is back. Is it true? Is he really alive?"

I could see that Nina was very excited. I thought for a while and decided not to tell her that Charles had lost his memory. Considering her short temper, she might really storm into the Moore mansion and beat him up for forgetting me.

"Yes, he's back."

"I knew that Charles won't die that easily."

After briefly explaining the situation to her, I hung up.

Feeling uncomfortable, I massaged my forehead. My visions were a little hazy when I suddenly saw Charles walk in.

Was I seeing things again?

"Scarlett, I have something to talk to you about. I'm going to take a shower, so you wait here for me, okay?"

Hearing his deep voice echoing in my ears, I sat still.

Thirty minutes later, Charles walked out of the bathroom and sat down from across me.

"Scarlett, don't you have anything to say to me?" His deep gaze made it clear that there was a storm brewing in his heart.

"What do you want me to say?" I asked.

Charles looked at me sullenly for a moment before he stood up and poured himself a glass of wine. Shaking the ruby liquid in the glass gently, he asked, "Don't you want to talk to me about what happened between us in the past six years? Like... The kids, for example?"

He got to the key point.

Charles must have come to me after seeing the kids in the Moore mansion. Even if he forgot everything that happened in the past six years, he could not make the only thing that held us together, our kids, disappear.

Lowering my head, the vivid past flashed in my mind, and I did not know where to start.

A lot had happened, and I had felt loved and heartbroken, so whenever I thought of it, I felt devastated.

I had prayed that I would be happy as long as Charles came back home safely.

Although he had returned safely now, he did not remember our relationship at all. He only remembered Rita. After everything that we had been through, we were back on square one now. Even if I told him the truth, what difference did it make? What was I to him now?

I grabbed the wine from his hand and drank it up. Looking at him with tears in my eyes, I asked, "Charles, how much of our past together do you remember?"

Now, he fell silent.

Seeing that, I couldn't help but sneer, "Charles, what do you want to hear? Do you want me to say that we were in love for the past six years, and that we had three sons together? Or, do you want me to tell you that everything is a misunderstanding, and I conspired with some people to force you to stay by my side? Or would you like me to tell you that the kids are not yours so that you can go back to Rita without feeling any guilt?"

As my emotions burst out of my heart, I covered my face with my hands, tears rolling down them. "Charles, what on earth do you want?"

My heart was hurting so bad that I wondered if it would be less painful if I just dug it out of my body.

I picked up the glass again and poured myself another glass of wine. However, before I could drink it, my stomach began to churn and I was feeling extremely nauseous.

The moment I stood up, my mind went blank, and I fell back, unconscious.

When I finally woke up, I saw the familiar white hospital walls surrounding me.

A doctor was standing by the bed with a serious look in his eyes as he leaned over to check up on me.

"Ma'am, I have good news and bad news for you." The doctor paused for a moment before he continued, "The good news is that you are three months pregnant."

I was pregnant again?

I touched my belly subconsciously, but before I could feel the joy, the doctor's words shocked me.

"The bad news is that you are in poor health, so the fetus has not developed well at all. I am afraid that it might not be safe for you to keep the baby."

His words felt like a blow to my head, making my mind go blank instantly.

"How could that be possible? Why can't I keep this baby?" I asked in confusion, trembling.

"I'm sorry, ma'am." The doctor shook his head regretfully.

"Have you told my husband about it?"

"Not yet. Would you like me to tell him?"

"No. I will tell him myself."

After the doctor left, I lay on the bed, unwilling to move my hands away from my belly.

A baby... I was pregnant with another baby.

However, I would not be able to give birth to it.

Tears fell from the corners of my eyes. Why was God punishing me?

That moment, Charles walked into the ward.

I wondered if I should tell him that I was pregnant.

"Charles..."

When I was about to say something, a woman entered the ward, and stood beside him with a bright smile.

I was looking at the woman I despised from the bottom of my heart, Rita.

She was still alive.

Charles was also a little surprised. "Rita? What are you doing here?"

"Charles, I've been looking for you for a long time now." Saying that, she threw herself into Charles' arms.

I struggled to get up, but I was shocked to see that he was not stopping her. He looked at her tenderly.

Rita leaned closer, trying to kiss him on the cheek.

My heart stopped beating for a second, and I could only feel coldness everywhere.

Charles glanced at me for a second before Rita grabbed his arm and walked out of the ward with him.

The coldness penetrated my skin and seeped into my soul, making me tremble.

How did Rita survive? And why did she come there now? I was not in the mood to think about it now, but I knew something very well.

Whether it was in the past or present, Charles would always choose Rita over me.

All of a sudden, I felt something leaking from my body and sat up in panic.

'My baby...'

I fell unconscious again.

#### [Chapter 374 Biological Father](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I slept for a long time.

Charles left me resolutely in my dream.

And Rita was back.

He looked at me before he left with her happily.

They were hugging and kissing each other like a couple who had not seen each other in a long time.

I cried out his name desperately in hopes that he would turn back and look at me.

However, he walked in holding Rita's hand.

Leaning against Charles' chest, she said proudly, "Scarlett, Charles really loves me. You were just a plaything for him to kill time when he is bored."

Charles held her in his arms adoringly.

"Charles, have you ever loved me?" I asked, clinging to the faint glimmer of hope in my heart.

"Never."

His cold words shook me.

Pain and hatred rose in my heart like a tide, drowning me in emotions.

The next second, I opened my eyes and gasped.

By the time I came to my senses, I found myself in a strange room.

The decor was classy and magnificent.

Struggling to sit up from the bed, I carefully looked around.

Where was I?

Wasn't I in the hospital?

I recalled what happened right before I passed out and my heart twisted into a knot.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

A middle-aged man walked in with another man, who seemed to be a doctor.

They both seemed to be overjoyed to find that I was awake.

The doctor examined me carefully, while the middle-aged man stood by the bed.

"It's all right now, but you are still too weak. You should try and get some rest," the doctor said in a low voice.

"Doctor, how about the baby?"

"I am sorry, but the baby is gone," he replied.

Although I knew that I would not be able to keep the baby, his words still left me heartbroken.

Lowering my gaze, I touched my flat belly in tears.

'Baby, I'm sorry.

It's my fault that I didn't protect you well.'

After offering me a few comforting words, the doctor left with his medical kit.

I was alone with the middle-aged man.

He looked at me with a complex expression.

Confused, I frowned and asked, "Did you save me? Where am I?"

"Scarlett, I'm your biological father, Edward Wilson," he explained.

My eyes widened in shock. And it took me what felt like hours to come back to my senses.

I was familiar with the name Edward Wilson because I was a journalist.

He was the CEO of the Wilson Group, a multinational company.

"Are you sure you're not mistaken?" I asked tentatively.

Edward walked to the bedside and sat down. There was a hint of guilt and love in his eyes.

"Scarlett, I was so obsessed with my career that I didn't know your mother was pregnant when I left her."

Edward's eyes were filled with regret.

I could not believe him because everyone had told me that my parents had loved each other deeply.

"I have already done the DNA tests, and you are indeed my biological daughter."

Edward took out the DNA test report from his pocket and handed it to me.

Looking at the document, a complicated emotion surged in my heart.

"Scarlett, do you still love Charles? If you still want to be with him, then I can help you get rid of the obstacles," Edward said in a deep voice.

Looking at his cold and serious expression, I suddenly thought of what happened right before I fainted.

"No! I hate him! And Rita! I hate them both!"

Thinking of my miscarriage, hatred rose in my heart.

Edward turned on the TV, showing photos and videos of my children. Charles and Rita were standing by the kids, smiling. It was such a warm picture, just like... Like they were a family.

'No! They were my children!'

Tears streamed down my face.

"As far as I know, the woman beside Charles is called Raina Hill." Edward's voice was cold.

'Raina?'

I've never heard this name before. Why does she look exactly like Rita?

Is she really using her resemblance to Rita to marry Charles and become my kids' stepmom?

I wouldn't allow it!'

"Scarlett, your fate is never in the hands of someone else. But you need to stay strong first," Edward reminded me in a low voice.

"Strong..."

I murmured, lowering my eyes.

After a long while, I looked up at Edward and pleaded, "I want to take back my children. Please help me."

"I will arrange a mentor to teach you how to run and manage a company. Once you recover, you can work in Wilson Group. I will announce your identity to the whole world. From now on, you're Caroline Wilson. You're my daughter, and to make up for all the years that I wasn't there for you, I'll help you get whatever you want." Edward stood up, poured a glass of water, and handed it to me.

I took the glass and downed its contents. "Thank you. I'll get my ducks in a row and get even with everyone who wronged me."

Charles' POV:

Rita whispered in my ear, "Charles, I want to tell you a secret. Come with me."

Thinking that she was going to tell me what had happened in the past six years, I left the ward with her.

We walked to a quiet corner.

"Charles, I'm not Rita. I'm her twin sister, Raina. I was adopted when I was a child."

Her words shocked me.

After all, she looked exactly like Rita.

However, after taking a closer look at her, I figured that her eyes were slightly bigger than Rita's.

"Why are you here?"

"It's because..." Raina whispered in my ear, "I killed Rita. I know that she almost killed your son, so you should thank me."

My eyes widened in horror.

The thing that I found horrifying was not that she had killed her own sister, but that Rita had tried to kill my son.

What the hell had happened in the past six years?

I figured that I must talk to Scarlett.

But by the time I returned to the ward, Scarlett was gone.

Looking around the empty ward, I suddenly felt an unprecedented panic in my heart.

The bodyguards searched the whole hospital, but they couldn't find Scarlett.

It seemed as though she disappeared into thin air.

I immediately decided to go back to the Moore mansion.

"Richard, what happened between me and Scarlett?" I lowered my eyes as I raised my hand to touch my heart.

Richard glanced at me through the rearview mirror. He seemed to want to say something, but he stopped on second thought.

"I love Scarlett, right?" I asked in a particularly determined tone.



"Yes, Mr. Moore," Richard replied.

"Mrs. Moore has suffered a lot in the past few years. Do you really not remember it at all?"

I pursed my lips and kept silent.

Richard then narrated everything from the time when Scarlett returned from France. He told me everything that had happened in the past six years.

He was my most capable subordinate, and I knew that he would never lie to me.

So...

Had I really hurt Scarlett so much in the past?

All of a sudden, Scarlett's gaunt face flashed through my mind, causing me so much pain that I almost felt like someone was strangling me.

A few days later, a lawyer came to me and handed me the divorce papers.

"Mr. Moore, Miss Riley has asked me to give you this divorce agreement. She wants you to sign it as soon as possible."

Looking at the document in my hand, I was stunned.

My heart began to ache.

"Where is Scarlett? Why isn't she here?" I asked in confusion.

"Miss Riley said she doesn't want to see you again," the lawyer answered with a polite smile.

I kept silent for a long time before I finally signed the paper.

I would rather set her free if our marriage only brought her pain and despair.

After I signed the divorce agreement, an emptiness clouded my heart, making me feel as though I had lost the most important thing in my life.

Ever since she left me, I had not been able to fall asleep at all, and my head would hurt so bad every night that I felt like killing myself.

Every time I closed my eyes, I would see her cold and desperate eyes.

I moved to Garden Street to see the traces that she left behind.

I began to drink on my own.

Gradually, I became so drunk that I felt really dizzy.

When I raised my head, I saw Scarlett walking towards me with a big smile.

"Scarlett, you're back!" I ran to her in a hurry and held her in my arms.

But when I looked down, I saw that she was not there.

Looking at the empty house, my heart sank.

### [Chapter 375 The New Presiden](#)

Scarlett's POV:

One year later, I returned to my home country.

"Have you prepared a birthday gift for Raina?" I asked, looking at my bodyguard, Elena, who was standing behind me. I had just gotten off the plane.

"Yes, Miss Wilson. It's already in the car." Elena said in a respectful tone.

I gave her a satisfied nod.

That moment, my phone rang.

Looking at it, I saw Nina's name flashing on the screen, and immediately answered it.

"Hello, Scarlett?"

"What's the matter? Just spill it. I'm in a hurry," I said with a smile.

"Charles has been looking for you ever since you left. He's very serious about getting back together with you," Nina informed.

At the mention of his name, I could not help but sneer in my heart.

"If he is willing to spend one hundred million dollars for an appointment, then I might consider meeting him."

But I would never get back together with him!

Moreover, Charles already had a new girlfriend, Raina.

I heard that they were very intimate and often showed their affection in public.

"Scarlett, do you even have a principle in life? How can you give in so easily for money? Charles is your ex-husband!" Nina complained.

"Men are useless compared to money. And you already said it—ex-husband. As far as I'm concerned, he's no longer important. By the way, please call me Caroline Wilson from now on."

During the past year, I had learned a lot about business and management from Edward, and I had found great pleasure in making money.

I'd rather win more clients for the company than to get involved with my ex-husband.

The moment I finished speaking, I lifted my head, and I was shocked to see Charles walk into the airport, surrounded by a group of people.

My heart almost skipped a beat when I saw his handsome face.

He seemed to have noticed me too, and was a little surprised.

We looked at each other through the crowd.

I quickly glanced at him.

We hadn't seen each other for a year, and in that time, he had lost a lot of weight, so he looked rather haggard now.

However, he was still just as handsome as I remembered, even though he seemed to be more mature and stable.

I snorted and walked out of the airport, pretending like I did not see him at all.

But before I took another step, I felt someone grabbing my wrist.

"Scarlett, is that really you?"

Charles was trembling and out of breath. Looking into his eyes, I sensed that he was feeling a tangle of emotions.

Yearning, guilt, pain... All those emotions were mixed up.

I withdrew my hand without any hesitation and turned away.

"Sir, do I know you?" I asked coldly.

Charles looked at me intensely before he took off my sunglasses.

Looking at me, he said in a serious and determined tone, "Scarlett, you are my wife. I can always recognize you!"

I snorted and slapped him.

'Wife?

How ridiculous!

Why didn't he remember that when he left with Raina the day I miscarried the baby?'

Charles covered his face in astonishment.

His bodyguards immediately stepped forward to protect him.

Looking at his red face, I suddenly felt satisfied.

I had been too weak in the past to fight him, and even when I had been humiliated, I had never dared to resist.

But the slap I gave him now was in the name of the unborn child.

"I'm fine."

Charles waved his hand, indicating the bodyguards to leave us alone.

"I'm not fine," I said sarcastically. I gently rubbed my aching wrist, sneering at him.

"Looks like the men here are getting shittier and shittier."

I cast a cold glance at Charles while complaining to Nina over the phone.

"Scarlett, where have you been in the past year? I've been looking for you everywhere." Charles stood in front of me, staring deep into my eyes.

"Elena, call the police," I ordered in a low voice.

Elena glared at Charles before she called the airport police to report sexual harassment.

The police officer immediately rushed over and stopped Charles.

With a frown, Charles explained, "She is my wife. We just had a minor conflict."

"Lady, is he telling the truth?" the police officer asked me in confusion.

"I don't know this man at all. He suddenly walked to me, grabbed my hand, and said that I am his wife!"

A smile of satisfaction appeared on my lips when I saw how embarrassed Charles was.

"Scarlett, have you really forgotten me? Or are you just pretending like you don't know me?" Charles asked anxiously. There was a hint of grievance and helplessness in his voice.

I shook my head with a sneer, put my sunglasses on, turned around, and left.

Several luxury cars were lined up on the road outside the airport.

Standing by the cars, the drivers bowed to me respectfully. "Welcome home, Miss Wilson."

And everyone at the airport turned to me with a curious look in their eyes.

I could not help but smile awkwardly. It was obvious that Edward had arranged it.

It was his unique way of showing his paternal love for me.

Elena put my suitcase in the trunk and followed me to the car.

Looking at the familiar surroundings, I suddenly felt a little dazed.

Nothing seemed to have changed in the city, and everything that had happened there was still so vivid in my mind.

That was when I heard the radio broadcast.

"News flash, Miss Raina Hill will be holding her birthday party at the Palace Hotel. The party will be held in the form of a charity dinner, and all the money raised will go to the Hill Charity Foundation for the deaf and autistic children. It is also said that Miss Lively will be announcing her engagement with Mr. Charles Moore at the party..."

I sneered.

Since Charles was holding a party for Raina at the Palace Hotel, and wanted to announce their engagement, it was quite obvious that he really cared about her.

"Ma'am, do you want to go home first or do you want to go straight to the birthday party?" Elena asked.

"Let's go to the company."

Elena looked at her watch before she reminded me in a low voice, "The senior executives of the company should be holding a meeting right now to discuss ways to make you retreat from difficulties."

"Then let's go and see what plans they came up with." I looked out of the window with a faint smile, expectantly.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of a building.

It was the branch company of the Wilson Group that Edward specially established for me to run.

Surrounded by my bodyguards, I walked to the conference room and pushed the door open.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Caroline Wilson, the new president of this branch of the Wilson Group. Pleasure to meet all of you." I looked around the meeting room, greeting all the senior executives with a smile.

Everyone seemed to be shocked by my sudden appearance.

And I already expected that, so I got straight to the point with a smile.

"I came back for the ecological park project on the west coast and I am hoping that you will all cooperate with me. If the project gets completed within the due date, you will be rewarded. If not, then you will all be fired."

"Why? That's so unfair." Someone opposed in a loud voice, banging on the desk.

"The ecological park on the west coast is an extremely important project. Why are you taking over it as soon as you come back from nowhere?"

"It's because I'm the daughter of the Wilson family! If you are going to be bitter and jealous, then keep it to yourselves, because I don't give a damn!" I sneered with a cold glare.

The conference room instantly fell as silent as a grave.

### [Chapter 376 Looking For Her](#)

Charles' POV:

"Have you found out where she is? Where has she gone?" I anxiously asked Richard. After checking the surveillance cameras, I found that a bunch of luxury cars had picked up Scarlett.

"Sir, she is heading to the west coast," Richard replied respectfully.

"Get me the surveillance video of the west coast at once."

"Sir, the road there is under construction, so the surveillance cameras in the area have been turned off," Richard answered with an embarrassed look.

"Then where was she last seen?"

"The last surveillance picture of her was taken near the west coast's ecological park, which is not far from the Moore Group's subsidiary company."

"Richard, we'll head there at once."

Unable to contain my excitement, I stood up, ready to find her.

I had finally found her after a year.

"But sir... Today is Miss Hill's birthday. Didn't you promise her that you would attend her birthday party at the Palace Hotel?"

Looking at my cold eyes, Richard's voice became lower.

"Okay, sir. I'll go and get the car now."

While we were on our way in my sports car, my phone kept buzzing. I saw that it was a call from Raina, but I did not have the slightest interest to answer it.

Gazing at the beautiful view outside, I could not help but think of the woman I had missed in the past year.

Scarlett had been the only one on my mind in the past year. Although I had forgotten the details of our relationship, I still remembered how it felt. Ever since the day she left me, my heart had been aching, and I knew that even though I had lost my memories, I still loved her deeply.

I was determined to win her back. I could never forgive myself if I lost her again.

Suddenly, the car came to a screeching halt.

I frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Sir, the construction is going on. We can't pass. Our only option now is to turn back and make a detour."

The whole road was blocked, and I saw many construction workers handling excavators.

Soon, Richard started the car again and turned back.

'Damn it! This cannot be happening!'

"Stop the car," I shouted.

"What's the matter, sir?" After stopping the car, he turned to me with a confused look.

I opened the door, got out of the car, and ran towards the construction site.

"Sir, it's dangerous. Come back!" Richard shouted in panic.

"Young man, what are you doing? Stop!" the workers shouted at me.

Ignoring their words, I ran forward recklessly, thinking only about Scarlett.

I rushed into the construction site. The road was pitted; there were rocks and sand everywhere, and a huge excavator was before me. But I had to stop when I reached the tall iron fence.

The workers surrounded me, and their boss walked over to me, pointed at me, and yelled, "What are you doing? Do you have a death wish? How can you just run into a construction site without thinking?"

"Shit!"

I pulled my tie, and glared at him. Seeing my fierce expression, they immediately stepped back.

"You..."

"Sorry, everyone. My boss had something urgent to deal with, and that's why he rushed over," Richard rushed over and explained to them.

"You're ridiculous. Get out of here right now! I don't care how anxious your boss is, but he can't be risking his life so carelessly."

"Okay, okay."

Richard bowed to them before he looked at me in embarrassment. "Sir, let's go back now. Perhaps, we can still make it."

Looking at the road ahead gloomily, I felt like there was really no path in front of me.

I turned around and strode back to the car, the helpless feeling crippling my heart.



That moment, I felt my phone vibrating in my pocket. I took it out, and saw that it was a call from Amy.

"Hey, what's up?" I asked coldly.

"Well... Sir, Miss Hill just called. And she wanted to know when you will arrive at her birthday party."

"Fuck! Who the hell does she think she is! I have something important to deal with. Tell her not to bother me."

I hung up irritably. I had no choice but to vent the anger in my heart.

I lifted my leg and kicked the door, causing a huge dent in the car.

"Damn it!"

Richard stood aside quietly.

I tried my best to calm down after that.

'What should I do now?'

All of a sudden, something occurred to me.

"Richard, was it a bunch of luxury cars that picked up Scarlett from the airport?"

Richard nodded in reply.

"Check the license plate numbers of those cars, and find out who the owner is in a day."

"Yes, sir."

I turned around and looked at the ecological park with determination in my eyes.

Raina's POV:

My birthday party was about to begin, and Charles was not there yet. I called him, but he did not pick up, so I called his secretary, and even then there was no response.

My heart was filled with uneasiness as I stood outside the Palace Hotel anxiously.

I told myself that Charles would not stand me up on purpose, and that he must have something important to deal with.

"Happy birthday, Raina. Why are you still here? Come on in. We are all waiting for you."

My friends walked to me and held my hand, trying to drag me inside.

I squeezed a smile and said, "Charles isn't here yet, so I want to wait for him."

"Oh, I get it now. You are waiting for your boyfriend."

"Raina, you are so lucky to be Mr. Moore's girlfriend. He must have spent a fortune on your birthday party. He's booked the whole hotel for your birthday party."

"Yes, Raina, you must be the happiest woman on the planet. Mr. Moore is rich, handsome, and he treats you well. I really envy you."

My friends' compliments cheered me up.

"Raina, don't worry. Maybe something urgent came up back in the company. My brother will be here soon," Chloe comforted me after walking to me.

I immediately lowered my head and pretended to be sensible. I shook my head and said, "It's all right. I don't blame him at all."

As expected, Chloe patted my hand lovingly. "Nonetheless, how can he be late for his girlfriend's birthday? I'll talk to him about it later."

I smiled shyly.

"Happy birthday, Raina."

A middle-aged man dressed in a gray suit and leather shoes walked in gracefully.

"Dad."

I welcomed him with joy, turned around, and introduced him to everyone. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is my father, Gary Hill, the president of the Hill Group."

The crowd became lively again, making me the center of their attention, and just when I was enjoying the moment, a cold voice came.

"Is there anyone here? Why didn't anyone come out to welcome me? Is this the way the Hill Group entertains their guests?"

I turned towards the voice and saw a woman dressed in a crimson Givenchy gown standing by the door.

She had full red lips. Her long curly hair lazily draped around her waist, and she was wearing a stunning diamond necklace, which made her glow like the star in the sky.

All of a sudden, the crowd burst into a roar of admiration. My face turned pale and I froze.

It was Scarlett!

How could she be there?

[Chapter 377 I Slapped Him, So Wha](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Scarlett, you're... you're back?" Raina stammered in disbelief. When she saw me, her face went white as a sheet. She looked as though she had just seen a ghost.

At this moment, Elena stepped forward and introduced me to Raina. "This is Miss Wilson."

With her eyes wide in shock, Raina pointed at me and asked incredulously, "What? Miss Wilson? She can't be Miss Wilson!"

"It's true. She's Caroline Wilson, the only child of Mr. Edward Wilson," Elena proudly announced my identity to everyone.

As soon as she finished speaking, the crowd burst into an uproar.

"Oh my God! I can't believe that she's the child of the legendary president of the Wilson Group. This is the first time she has shown up in public!"

"I never expected Miss Wilson to be this beautiful."

"Are you all blind? She's obviously Scarlett Riley. How could she be the daughter of the president of the Wilson Group?"

"What?! She's Scarlett? Then that would mean she's Mr. Moore's ex-wife."

I said nothing. I just stood there calmly and let the crowd scrutinize me.

"Don't be fooled by her. She's not Mr. Wilson's only child. She's Scarlett Riley, a vicious woman who abandoned her husband and children," Raina loudly said for everyone to hear.

In an instant, the entire hall fell into dead silence.

"Yes! She's a liar. She's not a member of the Wilson family at all," Chloe echoed. She then pointed at me and cursed me out. "You bitch, you should get the hell out of here. How dare you steal a rich lady's

identity to attend Raina's party? Have you no shame?"

"Don't worry. I'm not as shameless as you are," I retorted with a sneer at the corners of my mouth.

"You!" Chloe uttered, dismayed that I had the nerve to talk back to her.

"I have no idea what you're talking about. Did I offend you in any way? How could you say that I'm a 'vicious woman' when you don't even know me?" I asked with feigned confusion and innocence.

Raina took two steps forward and stood side by side with Chloe. "Stop being pretentious. You're the reason why Charles lost his memory last year. As if that wasn't enough, you even abandoned your three children. Only a heartless and vicious woman could do that."

I must say, Raina's speculation was convincing. With just a few sentences, she managed to make the crowd burst into an uproar for the second time.

"What? Isn't it true? If it's not, why aren't you defending yourself?" Raina added.

"I hate to break it to you, but the woman you're talking about probably just looks like me. Surely, there are many people in the world who look alike. How could you be so sure that that woman is me?" I bantered.

"Is that the best explanation you've got? You look exactly like her."

"Raina, why are you so obsessed with the way I look?" I took a closer look at her face and sighed. "If that woman looks like me, she must be prettier than you. Don't tell me you're slandering me because you're jealous that you're not as beautiful as me?"

"What the hell are you talking about?!" Raina bellowed. Bingo. It seemed that my words had gotten into her.

"I'm telling the truth! Why are you stopping me from telling the whole world how heartless you really are?"

I smiled at her sarcastically. Suddenly, I gasped and acted as if I had realized something. "I see. You want to make it seem that you've mistaken me for someone when, in reality, you just want to give your ego a boost. And you can only do that by belittling me. What's the matter with you? How could you humiliate yourself on purpose?"

"You..." Raina gasped. If it were not for the fact that everyone was watching her, she would have rushed forward and fought with me like a shrew.

I, however, remained calm and composed. Like a noble swan, I raised my neck and passed by Raina without a word. I did not have to say a word to make her look pathetic.

"Raina, what's going on?"

All of a sudden, a deep voice of a man came from my behind. I looked back and saw a dignified man walking toward us.

"Dad!" Raina exclaimed. Her face lit up when she thought that she had found someone to back her up. With an aggrieved look on her face, she bit her lips and ran toward the man, presumably her father.

To her surprise, he ignored her and instead went straight to me.

He reached out his hand and said, "You must be Miss Wilson. I'm Gary Hill. I'm sorry for my daughter's behavior. It's my fault. I spoiled her too much. Please forgive her."

"Of course. Don't worry. I won't hold it against her," I answered politely.

I looked up, and I happened to see Charles standing by the handrail on the second floor.

Our eyes met, and I almost lost my mind. For a moment, I felt like I was a drop of water that had fallen into a hot oil pot.

However, my identity could not be exposed. So, I tried, with all my might, to suppress the hatred and resentment I had bottled up in my heart.

At this moment, I pointed at Charles and calmly asked Gary, "Who is that man?"

"You mean Charles Moore? He's my daughter's fiance," Gary stressed the word 'fiance' as he spoke. And for some reason, his eyes darkened in contempt when he looked at Charles.

Meanwhile, Charles walked down the stairs, and Raina's face lit up with joy. She lifted the hem of her dress like a princess and ran to him with a sweet smile.

"Charles, why are you late? I've been waiting for you for a long time."

Now that Charles was here, her arrogant attitude changed, and she started acting like a spoiled lady.

I could not help but roll my eyes. What a hypocrite.

Unfortunately for Raina, Charles ignored her and instead went straight to me. He looked at me from head to toe with a myriad of emotions in his eyes.

I did not want to know what emotions he had, though.

"Hello, Mr. Moore," I greeted stiffly as if this was the first time we had met.

Raina remained unfazed. She walked up to Charles and clung to his arm.

"This is Charles, my fiance," she proudly said. There was a complacent look on her face as if she was showing off her most prized possession.

But then, Charles shook off her hand. "I don't like it when others touch me."

Raina was taken aback, but she quickly got ahold of herself. She put down her hand as if nothing had just happened.

"Hello... Miss Wilson?"

Doubt and confusion could be heard in Charles's tone. He stared at me with his intense gaze, and I looked back at him with the same intensity.

As if the humiliation was not enough, Raina still had not given up. She leaned against his shoulder to show off her affection for Charles. Because of this, she noticed that something was wrong with him.

"Oh my God! Charles, what happened to your face? Who slapped you?!"

The left side of his face was red, and my handprint was still visible. It did not take a genius to know that someone had slapped him.

I was pleased.

He deserved it. The only regret I had was not slapping him harder.

Raina reached out to touch Charles's face, but he dodged her hand.

At this moment, everyone's attention was drawn to him.

"Oh my God! Someone slapped Mr. Moore?"

"Who could it be? Does that person have a death wish?"

While everyone was talking to one another about what had happened, I smiled and said, "I slapped him, so what?"

### [Chapter 378 I Already Have A Wife](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"What? You slapped him?" Raina looked at me with wide eyes and continued, "Why did you hit my fiance?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't know he was your fiance when I slapped him."

I cast a playful glance at Charles and flashed him a mocking smile.

"I thought he was a rogue at that time. I didn't know he was the famous Mr. Moore. I'm so sorry."

Charles didn't say anything. He just stared at me silently.

Raina's face darkened. "What are you talking about? How could you mistake Charles for a rogue?"

"At that time..." I started narrating what had happened. "Mr. Moore suddenly grabbed my hand and refused to let me go. I actually thought he was harassing me. Now come and think about it, he'd probably mistaken me for that Scarlett woman you're talking about."

I smiled apologetically at Charles and shrugged. "I totally misunderstood you. So did you stop me at the airport to get even with the woman you were looking for?"

I paused for a second and sighed, "But I heard that Scarlett, the woman you mentioned, died a year ago. I also heard that she was pregnant when she passed away."

After hearing my words, Charles instantly turned deathly pale, and his usually icy demeanor turned even colder.

"What did you say?" Charles asked.

Seeing the sheer panic in Charles's eyes, I felt relieved and content.

Raina interrupted me, "Today is my birthday, Miss Wilson. If you're here to mess things up, then please leave."

"Don't be childish, Raina. How could you talk to Miss Wilson in such an impolite manner?" Gary immediately interjected.

I waved my hand and said calmly, "It's okay, Mr. Hill. Raina's right. It is her birthday. The birthday girl is the boss."

I turned around and nodded at Elena. Understanding what I wanted her to do, she nodded back and handed Raina an exquisite red gift box.

"Here's my gift to you, Raina. Happy birthday. Go ahead, open it," I encouraged her to open the box.

I could tell that everyone present was curious about the gift. Raina hesitantly opened the red gift box.

Inside the box was a doll with golden hair and blue eyes. It had a sweet smile on its face, and it was wearing a white dress made of gauze.

"Ah!"

Raina screamed and dropped the box on the floor. The doll rolled out and stopped with its big, blue eyes staring directly at Raina.

"It is an Annabelle doll."

The crowd erupted into gasps and stifled shouts.

Staring at the creepy-looking doll on the ground, I couldn't help smiling broader and broader.

"What's the matter, Raina? Don't you like my gift? What a pity! I chose her especially for you."

"You..."

Raina was about to lose her temper when Gary glared at her.

"Yes... Yes, of course I like it."

Raina gritted her teeth. Her face contorted, and she forced her lips to curl into a smile that just turned out to be awful. She grabbed on to her dress so tightly that she almost ripped the fabric apart.

"Really? Oh, good. I'm glad. I really hope that you and Mr. Moore will have a baby soon."

Raina picked up the doll with trembling hands, and the doll fell to the floor again. This time, the doll's head broke off and rolled toward Charles's feet.

All of a sudden, there was dead silence.

I looked at Charles indifferently and said with a smile, "Oh, I'm sorry. I almost forgot. You two aren't married. Silly me. It's too early to wish that you have a child together. For now, I wish you a happy and healthy relationship to last a lifetime. Please don't forget to send me an invitation to your wedding. I'd love to come and witness you two exchange wedding vows."

Then, I turned around and gave Raina a cold smile.

"Happy birthday again, Raina. Unfortunately, I have to go. Thank you for inviting me. Goodbye."

After that, I strode out of the banquet hall.

Charles's POV:



Looking at Scarlett's back, I squatted down, picked up the doll, put the head back on its neck, and put it back into the box.

Scarlett's cold stare and alienating words filled my mind.

She looked nothing like my Scarlett.

Was she really Caroline Wilson like she claimed?

But I didn't want to believe it. I would never mistake Scarlett for anyone else.

But why did she say that Scarlett was dead? More importantly, why did she say that Scarlett died with a child in her womb? What was going on?

I tightened my grip on the gift box as if it were a lifeline that could save me from the panic that was beginning to drown my heart.

I had to know the truth.

"Let's go, Charles. The party is about to begin," Raina said and pulled on my sleeve.

I turned to look at her, and all I saw were reminders of how I once felt about Rita. I didn't feel pity for Raina anymore, just disgust.

I moved my arm and shook off her touch. Then, I turned around and chased after Scarlett.

"Scarlett!"

I ran to the gate and shouted at the top of my lungs, hoping I'd get Scarlett's attention.

"Please behave yourself, Mr. Moore," A woman, Scarlett's bodyguard, stopped me.

"It's okay, Elena. Let him approach," Scarlett glanced at me indifferently.

Elena put down her hand and watched me carefully as I walked toward Scarlett.

The closer I got to her, the harder my heart beat against my chest.

A whole year had passed.

In the last twelve months, I'd imagined our encounter many times.

I had a lot to say to her, but I felt as if a giant invisible hand was choking me. I tried my best to blurt out

the words.

"Scarlett..."

Scarlett narrowed her eyes at me and slightly tilted her head. There was no spark of recognition in her eyes. "Mr. Moore, please don't mistake me for another person. We're not familiar with each other. I'd insist that you address me as Miss Wilson out of respect," Scarlett said flatly.

Her words, albeit reasonable, drove a stake through my heart. I bit down on the sorrow that surged from the pit of my stomach.

"Okay... Miss Wilson," I muttered, facing her apathy.

"What's wrong? It's your fiancée's birthday party. Shouldn't you be with her? Aren't you afraid that she'll get jealous when she finds out that you ran out after me?"

"She is not my fiancée. I have already had a wife," I answered through gritted teeth.

I looked right into Scarlett's eyes and waited for any indication at all that she understood what I was talking about. Standing right in front of her, I was dying to call her my wife and tell her how much I still loved her.

"I see." A hint of surprise flashed across Scarlett's face. "But if you already have a wife, Mr. Moore, then why are you with Raina? I have to remind you that it's against the law to marry someone else while you still have a legal wife."

"I'm not with Raina. There's only one woman I love, and her name is Scarlett."

I knew it was already a little too late for me to be telling Scarlett all this, but I didn't care. I just needed her to know that it had always been her, and it would always be her. She was the only woman I wanted to marry in my life.

### [Chapter 379 I Never Loved You](#)

Scarlett's POV:

If it was in the past, I would have been moved by Charles's sweet words.

But now, the only thing I felt was disgust.

I suppressed the hatred in my eyes and scoffed, "Oh, I see. You're the husband of the woman who abandoned her husband and children. No wonder she divorced you. It must've been a pain in the ass to be your wife."

Dejection flashed across Charles's face, but I pretended not to see it.

"It's amazing to see that you have a new girlfriend when you've just divorced." I leaned against the car and looked at him with mockery.

Charles's face went white as a sheet. "Scarlett, Raina and I aren't really in a relationship—"

"Mr. Moore, you don't have to explain anything to me. It's your personal life, after all. It has nothing to do with me. I just happened to hear that your ex-wife looked like me, so I couldn't help but ask about her. You don't mind, do you? Anyway, I have important things to do. See you around."

Charles's face turned gloomier, and this pleased me.

At this moment, I turned to Elena and said, "Elena, let's go."

Elena immediately opened the car door for me.

The instant I got into the car, the smile on my face vanished.

The game had just begun. Would Charles be able to handle it?

Well, he should. I just got started, and I didn't plan to stop anytime soon.

All of a sudden, Charles ran beside my window and grabbed my wrist. "Scarlett, can we talk?" he pleaded in a low voice.

I could not help but sneer when I saw the misery on his face.

When we were still together, he was the dictator of our relationship. At that time, I had no choice but to obey him. But now, the tables had turned.

"I have nothing to say to you. I detest men who are unfaithful to their partners. I don't even want to say a word to you," I coldly said.

I had had enough of Charles's pestering that I did not bother to treat him with courtesy.

I yanked his hand from my wrist and wiped my hand with a tissue. It was as if I had touched something disgusting.

Charles looked at me in dismay. He must have not expected that I would treat him like garbage. I lifted my gaze and said with a sarcastic smile, "From now on, stay away from me. I don't want to see your face ever again."

Without waiting for his response, I closed the window and ordered the driver to drive on.

He stepped on the gas at once. As the car sped away, I fell into deep thought.

If Charles and Raina got married, she would not treat my children well. I was sure of it.

A frown appeared on my face at the thought of this. It was at this moment that I decided that I would find a way to see my children as soon as possible.

I would never let that bitch bully them.

Raina's POV:

I was dumbfounded when I saw Charles chase after Caroline Wilson.

That woman looked exactly like Scarlett. No, Caroline and Scarlett were the same person.

People believed that Charles and I loved each other. Little did they know, he still loved his ex-wife.

Of course, I would never let that woman ruin my relationship with him.

We had been together for almost a year. Why did she have to come back and ruin everything?

I ran out, and there I saw that Charles was getting in the car to chase after Scarlett.

Fortunately, I reached him in time. I grabbed his clothes and stopped him from leaving.

"Charles, the birthday party is about to start. Where are you going?"

"I have something important to deal with." Charles shook off my hand and turned around to get in the car.

I rushed forward and blocked his way.

"No way! I won't let you go. Charles, we didn't see each other for a long time! Besides, have you forgotten that we're going to announce our engagement? If you don't attend, I will be a laughingstock!" I let out a sob to make Charles feel sorry for me and moved closer to lean against his chest.

However, he took a step back and avoided me.

Because of what he had done, I almost fell to the ground.

I looked at him in disbelief. But then, our eyes met, and a chill ran down my spine. He was staring right at me with apparent disgust.

"Raina, I have told you that I will never marry you. I only have one wife, and that is Scarlett," Charles said

in a matter-of-fact tone.

His words were like knives that were cutting my heart apart.

I grabbed Charles's arm and reminded him, "Charles, you and Scarlett have divorced! Besides, I've told the media that we're going to announce our engagement tonight. They're giving us their blessing!"

"Raina, I never wanted to marry you. I've told you a lot of times before that I never loved you or Rita. Wake up." Charles shook off my hand and finally got into the car.

As I stood there helplessly, his cold voice came from the car. "Richard, hurry up and follow the car in front of us."

My heart was filled with grievances, but I could only watch as the car drove away.

"Charles, come back! Are you seriously going to leave me for that bitch? She doesn't deserve you!" I hurried to catch up with him in hopes he would change his mind.

But because I was wearing stilettos, I did not make it that far. As if I could not get any unluckier, I tripped over the hem of my gown and fell into the mud pit on the side of the road. I was in a mess.

When I looked up, Charles's car had disappeared into the night.

I thumped the ground and sobbed in frustration.

"Scarlett, you bitch. I've given you a hard time once. I can do it again."

Scarlett's POV:

I looked outside the window and gazed at the scenery.

Although I looked calm on the surface, my heart was racing in my chest.

My eyes were brimming with tears, so I clenched my fists to try and hold them back.

I hated myself for being too soft-hearted. I thought I had moved on. But when I saw Charles for the first time in months, my heart broke into pieces again. Until now, everything he did still affected me.

A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth as I thought of Raina's face, which was exactly like Rita's.

Charles had the same taste as before. Even his new fiancée had to have an uncanny resemblance to Rita.

I lowered my head, opened my phone, and stared at my wallpaper.

It was a photo of my children playing together. I had asked someone to take this photo in secret. This was the last time I had seen them.

How I wished I could hold them in my arms. Sadly, I could only touch the screen with my trembling fingers. God, I missed my children so much.

I wondered if they still remembered me.

Noticing my melancholy, Elena patted me on the shoulder and comforted me, "Caroline, let bygones be bygones. Everything will be alright soon."

"Yes. Everything will be alright." I forced a smile and turned off my phone. But then, the smile on my face faltered when I heard what the driver said.

"Miss Wilson, there's a car following us."

I turned my head and looked out of the window. Just as I had expected, a familiar car was tailing us not far away.

#### [Chapter 380 It's Just A Waist Pain](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Speed up and lose the car behind us," I barked at the driver.

The driver was very experienced. He sped up, but he was still able to ensure that the car ran steadily.

Halfway to our destination, the driver said, "Miss Wilson, the car behind us is gone. It seems it suddenly turned a corner."

I looked back. Sure enough, no one was following us anymore.

I breathed a sigh of relief, but deep in my heart, I couldn't help feeling a bit disappointed.

Suddenly, I felt an acute pain in my waist. I gasped.

Elena looked at me and quickly asked, "Are you okay, Caroline? You just turned white as paper."

"I'm fine. It's just a little discomfort in my waist area. It happens all the time. Don't worry."

I had been suffering from the pain since my miscarriage.

The doctor said that it was a sequela of the miscarriage and that I had to rest whenever I could and not push myself too hard.

Every time I felt the pain, I hated Charles and Raina more.

My hatred for them was what had been keeping me going.

"Do you want to go to the hospital?" Elena asked me worriedly and gently massaged my waist.

"No, thanks. Even doctors have no way to ease my pain. I'll be fine after I get some rest," I replied, forcing a smile.

As soon as I finished speaking, the pain became sharper.

I gritted my teeth to keep myself from screaming, but I trembled so badly that Elena cringed and panicked.

Then, I began to feel cold. I curled up in a fetal position, hoping that hugging my legs would give me a little warmth.

"That's it, Caroline. We're going to the hospital." Elena hurriedly told the driver to turn around and rush to the hospital.

When we arrived at the hospital, one of the doctors gave me a routine examination.

Elena accompanied me and stayed with me the entire time.

"Here, take some painkillers," Elena said and handed me some pills and a glass of water.

I took the medicine and chased it down with water.

I sat on the bench in the corridor for a long time before the pain finally subsided.

When we were about to leave the hospital, I saw Charles rushing by.

What was he doing here? Were the kids sick?

I said to Elena, "Elena, you go ahead and wait for me in the car. I just have something that I need to do."

"I'll come with you," Elena offered.

"No need. I'm okay on my own. I'll meet you in the car." I gestured to Elena to let me go. She hesitated to leave at first, but when she finally went ahead to the car, I went to follow Charles secretly.

When Charles walked into the waiting room of the Department of Neurosurgery, he suddenly held his head with both hands. He shook slightly.

Richard hurried to his side, ready to catch him if he ever collapsed.

After a while, Vivian came out of the ward.

"Are you okay, Charles? Why do you look so pale?" Vivian's eyes were full of concern.

"I'm fine. I'm just having a little headache, as usual," Charles answered in a low, hoarse voice, waving his hand.

I frowned in confusion.

When did Charles begin to suffer from headaches?

Did God finally hear my prayers and punish him?

Looking at Charles's bone-white face, I cursed in my heart, 'You deserve it.'

"How's Grandma?" Charles asked and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"The doctor said that the tumor in Christine's head has begun to grow. An operation needs to be arranged for her as soon as possible," Vivian replied seriously.

Hearing Vivian's words, my heart sank.

When did Christine get a tumor in her head?

I desperately wanted to know more about Christine's condition.

But after thinking for a while, I dismissed the idea. I didn't have the courage to approach Charles or Vivian and ask.

At this time, Amy rushed over and handed a bottle of pills to Charles.

"Here, boss. This should help with your headache."

Charles nodded at Amy and took the medicine.

Soon, his pallid face regained some vigor.

"Charles, didn't you go abroad to look for Hugo? What happened with your search? Did you get in touch with him?" Vivian asked.

Charles shook his head helplessly, looking dispirited.



"I guess Christine's illness was most likely caused by Scarlett's sudden departure. Christine loved Scarlett so much and treated her like her own granddaughter. I suppose Christine took it really hard when Scarlett left. I don't mean to pile on to your headache, Charles, but you really didn't treat Scarlett well enough. If you had been good to her, we wouldn't be here."

"Scarlett's back," Charles muttered without looking at Vivian.

"What?" Vivian said, whipping her head at Charles.

"She's back. She was just at Raina's party. I saw her with my own eyes." Charles briefly told Vivian what had happened earlier tonight.

He took out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it up, and took a deep drag. The smoke made him look like he was shrouded in loneliness.

I leaned against the wall of the corner I was hiding in.

I put my hand over my chest. As echoes of Charles's pained voice created cracks in my heart, my eyes filled with tears.

Charles's POV:

"Are you serious? Are you sure it was her? Are you absolutely sure?" Vivian stood up from the bench in the corridor and yelled at me in surprise.

"Yes, but she doesn't remember me," I muttered and lowered my head in disappointment. Pain and sadness lodged a lump in my throat, and I swallowed it. "Maybe she just doesn't want to recognize me."

I took another deep drag on my cigarette, hoping that the smoke would help ease the despair in my heart.

I leaned against the wall and felt a brand-new headache coming on. This time, it felt like it came back to lay complete waste on my nerves.

I started having headaches a year ago.

The doctor said that it was caused by memory loss.

It was a kind of pain that was comparable to the pain of a gunshot wound, and taking oral painkillers could do very little to blunt it. Only IV analgesic injections could help with the pain.

When I was to have the injection that day, I asked the doctor, "Which one is more painful, this kind of headache or the pain of childbirth?"

"They're both painful, but if you're asking about degree and risk, nothing compares to the pain and danger a woman goes through when she gives birth. When a woman has a baby, she's actually risking her own life," the doctor explained.

"Then I don't want the injection." I turned around and left the hospital.

I just couldn't imagine the pain Scarlett had to go through.

She must be physically and mentally exhausted when she gave birth to the twins.

I braced my elbows on my knees and covered my face with my hands. I finally gave up and let the tears roll down my face and onto the smooth, tiled floor.

Experiencing this agonizing pain on my own made me realize the kind of torment Scarlett went through when she pushed our children out into this world.

And what did I do to her?

All I brought her were endless heartaches.

And now I should pay the price.

I was willing to suffer fate's retribution for how badly I treated Scarlett as long as there was a glimmer of hope that she was coming back to me.